

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON. Editor and Proprietor

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### Facts About Internal Revenue Taxes.

The official report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, contains several interesting and suggestive facts.

The total receipts from internal revenue taxation were \$144,553,344 for the year, against \$146,524,273 the previous year, and \$135,229,912 the year before that. The exemptions and reductions made by the act of March 3, have, therefore, been of insignificant importance. In round numbers spirits paid \$74,000,000; fermented liquors, \$17,000,000, and tobacco, \$42,000,000; the remaining \$11,500,000 being derived from miscellaneous sources.

The cost for collecting these taxes was \$5,113,734, nearly the whole of which went for salaries to various officers, as follows: Collectors, 126; Deputy Collectors, 981; Clerks and Messengers, 226; Distillery Surveyors, 35; Gaugers, 832; Storekeepers and Gaugers, 1,130; Storekeepers, 725; Tobacco Inspectors, 35; making a total of four thousand one hundred and ten officials appointed by the Administration and supported at the expense of the people. The number has been slightly reduced by a consolidation of districts, but it still amounts to nearly four thousand.

Naturally, the enforcement of the revenue laws gives rise to much litigation. The Commissioner reports that on July 1, 1882, there were pending in his office 5,659 suits, and that 4,558 more have been commenced since, making 10,217 in all, of which 9,160 were criminal actions, 846 suits for penalties, and 211 confiscation proceedings. Out of all these there were obtained only 2,771 convictions in criminal cases, 196 judgments against persons, and 36 condemnations of property, the remainder, except 3,227 cases still pending having either been decided against the Government or else withdrawn or compromised.

Of the nature of the crimes occasioned by the internal revenue system the Commissioner speaks very briefly, but he reports that during the year 307 illicit stills were seized, and that one of his employees was killed in the discharge of his duty. How many of the illicit distillers were also killed or wounded he does not mention nor do we find any reference to the fraud, perjury, and bribery which are notoriously rife all over the country in the distilling and tobacco manufacturing business.

The internal revenue system would never have been created except for the stress of civil war, and it ought to be abolished at the earliest possible moment.

The taxation of spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco should be left to the States.—[Sun.]

### Kentucky Gentlemen as Waiters.

There was a little romance, with a dash of comedy in it, at a West Fifth Street hotel, a few days ago. A handsomely-dressed gentleman, hailing from Louisville, Ky., sat down in the dining-room and after reading a morning paper for some time, grew impatient, as no one appeared to take his order for breakfast. At length he called the head waiter and demanded some attention. At this moment five young men waiters made a break from the kitchen door en masse and going to where the gentleman sat greeted him with flushed faces and an embarrassed manner. The gentleman at once recognized them and called them by name.

To a Times reporter who saw him yesterday, the gentleman stated that he would have been as much surprised to have seen Congressman Joe Blackburn engaged as a waiter as the five young men who greeted him on the occasion above mentioned.

"One of them," said he, "was one of the swiftest of Louisville. All of them are sons of aristocratic Louisville families and I can't imagine how they became so reduced in fortune as to have to go to work as servants."—[Kansas City Times.]

The Frankfort Yeoman has come to be known as the defender of all irregularities of the administration at the State capitol. It justified Blackburn in the use of the pardoning power, it pooh-poohed the charges against Cecil and it now virtually says that Capt. Tom Henry, or any other State officer has a right to get drunk as he pleases, when and wherever he pleases, sell out bag and baggage if it suits him and continue to draw his pay, provided he appoints efficient deputies to do the work. Wonder if the Yeoman wants the State printing again? Of course there is no connection between these two ideas, but we just mention it casually, you know.—[Midway Clipper.]

In the highest and holiest type of wife-love there is always a large proportion of mother-love, that kind which finds deeper pleasure in watching over, shielding, guarding and warding off trouble from him in whom is centered a woman's holiest affections than in being watched over and shielded herself. To spend and be spent for him is her chief joy. To watch and nurse is woman's holiest work, not to be pampered, petted, and kept from care and responsibility until she becomes the most useless thing on earth—a helpless baby in a woman's form.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—O'Donnell will probably be hanged at Newgate, Dec. 17.

—Lawrence Feeny, seventy years old, starved himself to death at Sing Sing.

—The decrease of the public debt during November was \$1,721,676, less than for months.

—The Masonic Temple, New York city was partially destroyed by fire. The loss will reach \$100,000.

—Eighteen persons were killed and fifteen seriously injured in a railway collision near St. Meen, France.

—General John Taylor Pratt, the oldest native resident of Scott County, Ky., died at Georgetown. He was a soldier of 1812.

—A Mrs. Riall, of Baltimore, cut the throats of her two children and then her own. The children are both dead and she will die.

—The Supreme court of Georgia has decided that speculation in cotton futures is as much gambling as faro, and holds that cotton future notes are absolutely void.

—Five section men on the Southern road were overtaken while riding on a hand-car, near Greenfield, by a wild train. One of them was killed and two fatally injured.

—Alfred Roberts, a farmer, living near Flemingsburg, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He had been a witness in a scandal suit and his evidence had been impeached, which preyed on his mind.

—Gen. John B. Clark, Jr., of Missouri, was nominated for Clerk of the Lower House, Letdorm, of Ohio, for Sergeant-at-Arms, James Wintersmith, of Texas, for Doorkeeper and Lycurgus Dalton, of Indiana, for Postmaster.

—A meeting of the distillers of Kentucky has been called to meet at the Phoenix Hotel, in Lexington, on Wednesday, December 12, for the purpose of organizing a pool to control the production of whisky throughout the State.

—More lines of railroad diverge from Chicago than any other city in the world, and comprise many more thousand miles of tracks. The number of trains arriving at and departing from Chicago are only exceeded in number in London.

—A masked robber entered a Southern express car, near Corinth, and shot the Messenger, whose name was McWhitt. The messenger was fatally wounded, but threw a lighted lamp at the robber and shot at him three times before he escaped from the car.

—Richmond Stuart, colored, at Shreveport, La., Joseph Jewell, at San Jose, Cal., and Anderson West, at Macon, Ga., were made angels by the hangman Friday. In the case of the latter the sheriff did a most bungling job. The rope broke the first trial and after an hour of torture the gasping victim was finally strangled to death.

—At Livingston, a difficulty occurred between Lewis Raines and Ed. Anderson, in which Raines indicted several very dangerous and probably fatal wounds about the head of Anderson with a large butcher knife. The difficulty occurred in Raines' house. Raines accused Anderson of being on too intimate terms with his wife. Anderson will probably die. Raines is now under arrest. There is great excitement among the colored people, who talk of lynching Raines.

—Kentucky has been almost as much a mother of Speakers as Virginia of Presidents. Carlisle is the fourth from that State to be called to the chair. No State has furnished more than that number of Speakers, and when the aggregate time of service is considered no other State has so distinguished a record. Henry Clay was the presiding officer of six different Congresses. Another distinguished Kentuckian, Linn Boyd, presided over two Congresses, and John White over one. The Blue Grass State has thus already had the Speakership for 18 years, and Saturday night's vote in Washington assures her another term.

The faithful wife of Frank James, the Missouri train robber, travels five miles every day from her father's home to visit the hand in jail. It was a courtship forbidden by the father of Annie Ralston, but James persisted in visiting her in a country school that she taught some miles from home and at length she went away, ostensibly to visit some friends in Nebraska. Later James rode up to the father's house and announced the marriage, and asked the father to permit Annie to return to her old home; but the father merely ordered the youth away from his gates. James' cell is no longer provided with luxuries, and he is not now a hero. He is awaiting another trial in Missouri, but he most dreads extradition to Minnesota, where his old comrades, the Younger boys, are serving a life sentence.

Valedictory of J. E. Bear in retiring from the Lawrence County (Ark.) Times: "We don't know anything about the newspaper business, never did, NEVER will, and NEVER want to, and are glad to get out of it—with a whole hide."

At the banquet: "Fellow Irishmen, I am glad to be with you here. I hope we shall meet often. Gentlemen, you may not have supposed it, but I am myself something of an Irishman. I have a Cork leg."

John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to ride on a pack-mule to Washington. Senator Dolph, with half the name, is coming over from Oregon in a private sleeping car, a dining car and a car for a sitting room.

### Lequacity in the Printing Office.

One of the greatest annoyances to a foreman, as well as to the industrious workman who wishes to perform his whole duty, is the habit of gabbling indulged in by those who insist upon talking of current events, and often the world's entire history, during the hours which should be exclusively devoted to business. In no workshop is this practice so annoying and wasteful of time as in a printing office, for in no other is so close and undivided attention required to produce the best results. No man can set type with proper care while his mind is occupied with consideration of other affairs, especially if that consideration is forced upon him by the audible conversation of some one near him. A printer must think while he works, and he must think of the task before him. He must decipher his copy and give thought to its punctuation, and even to the construction of the sentences, and this he can not do while his attention is diverted to something entirely foreign to it. He can think of but one thing at a time, and if he is thinking of politics, religion or social ills, he will, of necessity, neglect the work placed before him. The practice of promiscuous talking in a workshop is, moreover, a dishonest one. The employer pays the employee for the work he is expected and supposed to perform, and the time paid for belongs to him; and, if it is occupied with idle gossip, he is defrauded of that which is due him.

### WHY THE INDIANS WANT CANNON.

Last summer General Sherman made his last annual inspection of the military posts of the army, and a good story is told by one of his staff officers of his visit to one of the Western frontier forts. When the General arrived there was a large crowd of Indians on hand to look at the "Big Chief of the Whites," as they called him. After they had looked him over to their heart's content, one of them approached and said: "Ugh, big Indian heep want present of cannon." General Sherman glanced at the brave and replied: "I can not give you cannon. What do you want them for? You mean to use them against my soldiers." Now, an Indian is not often guilty of anything approaching wit, but this one did very well, for he said, as he shook his head: "No want cannon to kill soldiers. Can kill soldiers with sticks. Want cannon to kill cowboys." The reply was a good one, but Mr. Indian didn't get his cannon.—[Boston Traveller.]

A few Sundays ago Mr. Tom Allen and his wife, who live near Blasingame's court ground, were walking out in the old fields, near their home. Passing and old well, which was seventy feet deep, by actual measurement, they began to throw rocks in it. Mrs. Allen, in throwing a rock lost her balance and fell in. Her husband ran to the nearest neighbor's house and gave the alarm. In a few minutes a dozen men were at the well with ropes and a man sent down. Reaching the bottom no woman could be found, and the men thought it was a joke. While her husband was gone for help Mrs. Allen had climbed up the steps of the well and had gone home. She was badly bruised, but is now well and her escape from death is looked upon almost as a miracle.—[Walter (Ga) News.]

The next Evacuation Day celebration ought to take place on the fourth of March. A. D. 1885, when the republican army, which has been entrenched there for nearly a quarter of a century, marches out of Washington. That will be a great day for the United States.

A hundred years ago old Peter Augustus Jay brought his blind brother down to New York from Westchester county to enjoy the going out of the British troops, and the blind man noted the destructive news of the war by remarking that the note of a single double fowl could nowhere be heard. The jubilee of 1885 will be different in that respect. A blind man will not be able to hear himself talk for the crowing of the roosters.—[N. Y. Sun.]

A member of a Kentucky church offered the Ladies' Aid Society \$5 if its members would meet and make a quilt without saying a word. Two dozen of the ladies met at the parsonage, and in two hours the quilt was finished, but they all say that they would not do such a thing again for \$50.

PATRICK O'DONNELL, who killed informer Carey, was convicted and sentenced to be hung Saturday. When the verdict was announced, he lost his usual composure, and cursed loud and long. "God save Ireland!" he cried, "To hell with the British government!"

Senator Fair, of Nevada came to this country from Belfast, Ireland, in 1842; went to California and engaged in mining in 1849, and removed to Nevada in 1860. The rich old man says the happiest days of his life were when he was a poor miner.

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### RELIGIOUS.

—Bro. Preston Taylor gives the following statistics of the colored brethren in Kentucky: Members, 13,000; ministers, 50; churches, 70.

—An Episcopal report states that last year that Church ordained 100 ministers; fifty-six died, fifteen retired, and ten were deposed. Net increase, twenty-eight.

—The result of the Methodist meeting was ten additions. A number of them were baptized Sunday morning by sprinkling and in the afternoon, Mrs. John A. Allen was immersed in Logan's creek.

—Sunday-school lessons for the first six months of 1884 will be in the Acts and the Epistles, then three months with David and Solomon and the Books of Wisdom, the sections being from Ecclesiastes, Kings and Proverbs.

DON'T SPEAK NOW.—About two weeks ago two women met in a street-car, and when one complained that she was again without a cook the other replied:

"Ah! I have a jewel of a girl! She's neat, prompt, respectful, and I only pay her twenty shillings a week."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; she's from the country, and doesn't know that she can get more wages."

The same two women met in the same car again, but alas! how changed the situation! They stared frigidly at each other without even a nod, and they would not sit on the same side of the car. The twelve shillings jewel of a girl is now receiving \$2 per week in the kitchen of the woman who was without a cook. Hence the ruction, will descend to the third generation.

Miles of spruce forest in Maine are dead. Lumbermen are not agreed as to the cause. About eight years ago the heavy autumn rain loosened the earth, and that was followed by terrible gales and a severe winter. The theory, however, generally accepted by the best judges is that the trees died from old age. The decay is mainly in sections which have not been cut over. The age of the spruce is from 60 to 90 years.

The State Board of Health has issued a circular and mailed it to the press of the State urging a complete and thorough vaccination as the only means of preventive against a very malignant type of small-pox now in various portions of this and adjoining States. The board also recommends that the coming Legislature should pass an act of compulsory vaccination.

## THE SUN

NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months. If you were to paste and to end all the columns of all the Sun's printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine and same will long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same strip of intelligence would glide the globe 37 or 38 times. If every boy of THE SUN during the last year was spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day. It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is and will continue to be a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences which get at the facts no matter how much the proctors, which represents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and interest during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS. The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail postpaid, at follows:—

DAILY—50 cents a month, \$5 a year; with Sunday edition, \$7.

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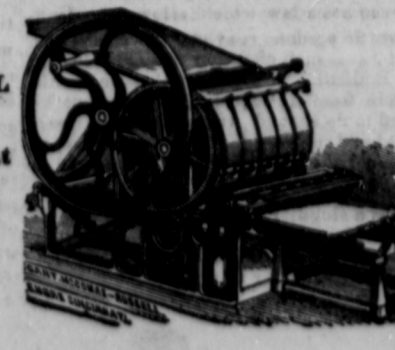
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## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

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JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE, Kentucky's honored son and thorough Statesman, was nominated on the first ballot, for Speaker of the House of Representatives by the caucus, Saturday night, receiving 106 votes to Randall's 52 and Cox's 30, more than double Randall's vote and 25 more than both of them put together. The nomination was afterwards made unanimous and his opponents both pledged their support and promised to renew their efforts for the democracy. Yesterday the members in Congress assembled, ratified the work of the caucus and Mr. Carlisle now occupies the third highest office in the Government. His election is a decided triumph for the tariff reformers and gives the democracy an issue upon which it is bound to win in 1884. Without such an avowed purpose the fight would only be for the spoils of office with the chance of the ins remaining in possession. A good start has been made by the democracy and if it will fight clear of blunders, the republican party must and will go. The new Speaker was born in Kentucky, this State, Sept. 5, 1835, and his home is in Lexington. After receiving a good academic education, he studied law with Hon. John W. Stevenson and Judge Wm. B. Kincaid, and began the practice in 1857. He was elected to the legislature in 1859, to the State senate in 1866, resigned in 1871 to make the race for lieutenant governor, and was successful. In 1876 he was elected to congress, and has been re-elected at each succeeding election since, and on yesterday began his fourth term in that body. He is thoroughly posted on all the great political questions of the day, and will make a safe, conservative, and able presiding officer.

THE more we investigate the circumstances of the killing of young Anderson, the more we are convinced that Denny either acted under the excitement of intense fear or deliberately murdered a man so drunk that he did not know what he was doing and one whom he could have easily tied even had he been sober and in the possession of all his faculties. Physically Denny is perhaps a hundred pounds larger than his little victim was and his superiority in strength is shown in the fact that he held him with one hand and shot him to death with a pistol in the other. A public prosecutor for six years, fully cognizant of the lawful procedure in such cases, it does seem to us that had he been as earnest in his desire to act legally as he pretended to be, by his blatant appeals to the jury to enforce the letter of the law against similar offenders, he might have avoided, to say the least, the dying of his hands in the blood of a fellow creature. Anderson had acted imprudently and unlawfully, but that should not excuse his murder. It also occurs to us that County Attorney Brown base quite an unenviable part in the butchery of young Anderson. Instead of using the prescribed legal steps, when he knew that Anderson had made threats and was setting in an unlawful manner, the witnesses tell us that he was jumping around with a pistol which he had drawn, evidently acting anything but the peace-maker. He has no more right to carry a pistol concealed than a private citizen, and his conduct should be investigated by the Grand Jury, if not immediately done. An officer should be the last man to break the law he is sworn to defend.

It has been plain for some time that Crumbaugh, collector of Internal Revenue in the Second Kentucky District, had to go. He was entirely too fresh for Commissioner Evans, whom he had the timidity to charge with using his office to shield a defuncting brother-in-law, and it is not surprising that somebody else has his place. Capt. Farley, who ran for Treasurer on the Republican State ticket, in August, is the fortunate man. One by one they receive their reward.

SUNDAY'S New York Herald says of the Carlisle nomination: If the democratic leaders have energy and intelligence the caucus action of last evening means a sweeping democratic victory next year. For the first time in many years there is before the party a fair prospect of such popular favor as they have been seeking by many devious and false roads. At last they are on the right track. The caucus vote will surprise a great many people.

THE Cincinnati News Journal is no longer an experiment. It is a fixture and every democrat in Ohio should be proud of it. The work it has done for the party can not be estimated, for it labored in season and out of season with results the most gratifying. These remarks are called forth on noticing that it has attained the age of one year with the brightest of prospects for the future.

IN consequence of the general dissatisfaction at the appearance and quality of the recently issued postal notes, the Postmaster-General has ordered a change to be made. Hereafter they will be printed on blue tinted paper instead of the yellow now used. One of the principal objections to the present notes is that the paper on which they are printed becomes easily mutilated.

OHIO has a law which allows the Governor to pardon convicts on condition. Last June, such clemency was extended to one Rudisill, on condition that he would abstain from intoxicating liquor, but he failed to do so and was accordingly rearrested and returned to the penitentiary to serve out the balance of his term, which is five years.

IT is a singular fact that all but one of the Virginia delegation voted for Randall, Holman, the N. Y. Sun's candidate for President, voted for Cox.

THE Courier Journal exultingly says: The South and West elected Carlisle to night on a principle, and the South and West will elect a democratic President in 1884. Thank God, the old democratic party has come back to its first love, and at last it has got a living, vigorous issue to fight upon. It is the tariff and how it shall be revised. It affects directly and indirectly, every man, woman and child in the country. Now let the republicans flaunt their bloody shirt if they dare. In the mean time the democrats will throw out the banner of tariff reform, and intelligently and courageously discuss it with the people. No democrat need fear the result. Those who do not agree with the principles of the party can get up and leave it. This is a good place for them to slip out. There are thousands of honest men all over the country to step into their place; so drive on the revenue coach.

THE absurdity of trying to conform the local with the railroad time, is shown at every point, but more especially at such points as Parkersburg, W. Va. A division of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. ends there and the trains are run by Eastern time. Across the river Central time begins, so in the distance of half a mile there is exactly an hour's difference in time.

DR. GEORGE W. BAGBY, a well-known humorist and lecturer, of Richmond, Va., has gone to join the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm. His articles over the signature of "Mozzle Addums" have caused many a Virginian and others to laugh and grow fat, for the last quarter of a century.

PROF. J. H. TICE, who some years ago, succeeded in making quite a reputation as a weather prophet and who upon the strength of it went on a lecturing tour in which he did not slight Stanford, though Stanford slighted him so far as giving him a crowd, died suddenly, at St. Louis, Friday.

## LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

I have 8 young brook male for sale J. M. Carter, Jr., McKinney.

I have 23 thoroughbred calves, heifers and bulls, for sale. S. H. Baughman, Stanford.

December wheat 96c; January 97c and May \$1.05; are Saturday's Chicago quotations.

Sales of 76 head of 1,425-lb. cattle were made in Fayette last week at 5 cents Hogs are selling at 4c.

County Court was not largely attended yesterday and the amount of business done was even smaller than the crowd. Auctioneer H. T. Bush reports about 150 cattle on the market, of medium quality, selling at from 4 to 4 1/2 for best, 3 to 3 1/2 for common and scrubs. A few aged mules offered, selling at from \$100 to \$130 per head. One plug horse sold for \$50.

The largest lot of cattle shipped at one time from the Richmond depot was shipped on Tuesday evening. They were bought by Lehman, of Baltimore, and were forwarded to that city. In the lot were 100 head bought of Col. John A. Duncan, which averaged 1,398 pounds; at 6 cents, 76 head bought of William Arnold, average 1,563 pounds, at 5 1/2 cents; 40 head bought of Brutus J. Clay, average 1,450 pounds at 5 1/2 cents; 30 head bought of Mark and Sam Phelps, average 1,290 pounds, at 4 1/2 cents. The amount paid for the entire lot was \$31,590. [Richmond Register.]

Master Commissioner W. G. Welch sold yesterday 36 1/2 acres of land of the late Dayton Tucker, to J. P. Bailey for \$875; 3,830 acres of knob land belonging to W. H. Dewees to Jos. Y. Chapin for \$400. House and lot of 6 acres in Precherville, belonging to Ben Routen, to J. L. Anderson for \$205; 175 acres belonging to A. Bridgewater to Hill & Alcorn for \$225; 3 1/2 acres L. D. Good's land to W. J. Daugherty for \$20 and 14 acres to Mildred Good for \$202; G. W. Estes' track of 36 1/2 acres to Nancy Wall for \$535; 130 acres belonging to John Warren, to Hill & Alcorn for \$267.

## DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Painters are giving the court-house a much-needed coat of paint.

J. M. McFerran sold on Saturday to Green B. Woodcock 34 fat shipping cattle averaging 1,300 pounds at 6 cents.

Arthur, son of Mr. Joseph Faulconer, aged about 14 years, died Saturday night. He had been in delicate health for some time past.

Mr. Fred Masonheimer, a young man who was raised in Danville, was married in Lexington on Wednesday evening to Miss Bettie Ferrie, of that city. Fred and his bride are here spending a few days with his father's family.

The meeting at the Christian church still continues, with 34 additions up to the close of the services Sunday night. It is not known yet when the meeting will close; certainly not so long as the present degree of interest is shown.

Dr. J. E. Nave, the veterinary surgeon, and Mr. C. E. Baur, both of this place, have applied for a patent for an adjustable harness pad invented by them. It can be adjusted from the centre so as to fit any horse, no matter what the shape of his back may be. The model has been seen and approved by wholesale dealers in Cincinnati and Louisville and by many citizens of this county who have much to do with horses. Mr. Baur, who is a practical workman, is now constructing an improved model.

The new standard time, or Stanford time, which ever it is, is not very popular with us. Mr. Yeiser, the jeweler who has charge of the town clock, says that he was instructed by Mr. Wiseman, of the city government, to set the clock forward to the old time, as the new arrangement was not satisfactory to the College officials and the pastors of some of the churches and perhaps other citizens, so Mr. Yeiser "set her" forward; and now the town has one time and the railroads another.

—Louis Moore, Sam Inks, Henry Meaux and Harvey James broke jail in Lawrenceburg on Thursday night, and getting possession of two horses belonging to James McCall, who lives four miles from town rode to within a short distance of this place, turned the horses loose and separated about 8 o'clock Friday night. Inks and Moore came through town and were arrested three miles out on the Lexington road by policeman H. W. French. Meaux and James took some other direction and thus far have escaped arrest. Mr. W. J. Bickers, jailer of Anderson county and Messrs. J. W. and Frank McGuinness arrived Saturday morning and took Moore and Inks back to their old quarters. Mr. McCall's horses were recovered and returned to him.

—Charles Lytle, a negro boy, who thinks he is about twenty years old, was brought to town Friday morning and placed in jail on the charge of wilfully shooting and killing a negro woman named Mollie Bruce, on the farm of James H. Baughman in the west end of the county. Lytle and three other boys had been hunting that day and returning a little before dark went to the cabin occupied by Mollie, and although warned by the other boys that the gun was loaded, and according to their story, declaring himself that he knew it was loaded, he persisted in pointing it at the woman, and finally discharged it, blowing a hole through her head and killing her instantly. Lytle's story is that he fired the gun off as the party was returning home, and that after they reached home and while he was milking one of the boys loaded the gun again, and that when he went into the cabin and picked it up he did not know it was loaded. He says also that the room was so dark that he could not see the caps on the tubes, and that while the gun was resting on his arm, he touched the trigger accidentally not knowing even that the gun was cocked, when it went off killing the woman. He professes great regret at the occurrence, and claims that it was purely accidental. He denies that he ever threatened the woman or that he ever had any quarrel with her. On these points it is said he will be contradicted when the case comes to trial.

[By Telephone.]

DANVILLE, Ky., Dec. 3, 5 P. M.—Two negro men giving their names as James Galloway and Henry Smith, were arrested at Lebanon, this morning, charged with burglarizing the house of Henry Tucker, in Mitchellburg. A suit of clothes and various other articles of clothing were found on the person of one. They were brought here this evening by the town marshal of Lebanon, David Cleaver, and the examining trial set for Wednesday at 10 P. M., pending which they were sent to jail.

## GEO. O. BARNES IN SCOTLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD"  
38 BERNKLEY TERRACE, ELDERSLIE ST.  
GLASGOW, NOV. 13, '83.

Scotland is a favorite resort in summer and tourists flock to enjoy the invigorating climate. Of course there must be a compensating discomfort for all this, and one hits it in perfection in November. We were forewarned and so in a measure forearmed; but I have only to say that the grim reality far exceeds our most imaginative expectations. We are just now in the 24 day of a fog, of the genuine London sort, technically known as "pea-soup" fog, from its general color and density. About the hue of a London brick, it is—or brownish yellow—and taking hold of the throat and eyes with a rasping, prying effect, this impalpable mixture of the breath of 50,000 chimneys and 700,000 pairs of lungs is held in solution by the raw, condensed moisture of a Scotch November. One must be on the spot to appreciate it. The solitary pleasant feature of this particular fog is that it renders the almost illimitable sign of "Wylie & Lochhead, Funeral Undertakers," &c., &c., invisible—the last words being the portion that spans the full capacity of our spacious front window, in glaring, golden letters and fully keeping up the impression produced by the issue at short intervals of the doleful hearse and mourning carriage described in a previous letter.

By the way, this wealthy firm, ramifying in various kindred departments, in several parts of the city, were burned out in Buchanan street last Saturday week; where their immense furniture establishment contributed in part to one of the most destructive fires Glasgow has had for many years. After our service at Partick, we all ran up by the tram to the scene of conflagration and from a favorable point witnessed the terrible sight.

But to return to our "pea-soup." We have kept our four gas burners in the sitting-room up to their full capacity all day yesterday and to-day thus far. Every time the door opens the enemy rushes in and in vain do we essay to shut the successive reinforcements of filthiness out. So, we cough and gasp and sneeze and weep and bear it as best we can, after every fresh incursion. Outside, the rattling or lumbering vehicles go by; the noise of wheels upon the paving stones, coming out of invisible depths, with nothing of drivers, horses or carriages seen. Out of the yellowish-brown abyss also proceed whistles, calls of various kinds, expostulatory, obligatory and explanatory, connected with the invisible mass of humanity and horse-flesh enveloped in the smoky mist. The train creeps cautiously along the rails; carriers lead their horses by the bit all groups, groups as best they can to their several destinations. On the sidewalk people sludge along, bumping against each other, emerging in an instant from vacancy and disappearing in another instant into fog-space. A very jostle of spectres in a city of ghosts, in this great Glasgow now. If only we could afford it and there were not duties forbidding, we should make our way to the first railway station and ride until we had outstripped this heavy vapor's march and not return until it had succumbed to favoring winds and showers. George threatens to marry an organ-grinder and persuade him to return to Italy. So much for our present atmospheric surroundings, of which I can not give too murky a description, seeing it all comes from the hateful "prince of the power of the air"—"the ruler of the darkness of this age"—the hater of God and our tortured race. I am glad his reign is almost over now.

Even as I write the shadows are rolling away; Marie springs to the window curtains and throws them back with the glad cry, "Here comes the daylight—praise the LORD!" And although the undertaker's sign again appears, and a funeral cortege, tempted by the returning daylight, issues promptly forth to do its needful but dreadful work, we rejoice, because "the light is sweet; and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

Last night at the bible reading at our Bro. Richard Hunter's, in one way or another, willing hearts found their way to the trying place and the capacity of the drawing-room barely sufficed to entertain them all. No fog will keep away hungry souls who long for more of God's blessed truth. It was very touching to find delicate women, even, braving the weariness of the dreadful night and groping their way to the rendezvous. The LORD gave a blessing commensurate with the self-denial, I am sure.

Dear Bro. and Sister Tod, from Ekbank House, came over by the afternoon train. He returned to business this morning, but comes back this evening. She remains until to-morrow. How the dear familiar faces give us joy to look at them again! Only a 15-minute "lift" of our sooty envelope. The fog is back once more; gas-lighted and curtains drawn again. A sigh replaces the exultant shout and the undertaker's sign vanishes.

FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 16th.—The Partick meeting closed in fullest blessing, with 21 for soul and 13 anointed for healing. At the bible reading the subject was "Faith Healing" and 15 more took Jesus for their Physician.

Altogether nearly 700 have confessed the dear LORD, for the soul, in the six weeks' services. About 50 anointed for healing. Praise the LORD!

We start for Peterhead, 200 miles N. E., at 9 in the morning, if the LORD will. It is long after midnight and I must not tarry at my writing-desk much longer, for we begin services to-morrow night and the day's travel will be a hard one, with abridged slumbers.

One word in conclusion. Glasgow saints are lovely; 13 drawing-rooms have welcomed us at successive bible readings; all at the hospitable houses of different ones. More and more we thank the Scotch are the Kentuckians of the British Isles. We have felt so happily at home ever since coming here. Such dear, receptive, generous people, rich and poor, we have seldom met. Of those who have attended the services with any regularity, hardly one has failed to receive glorious blessing and most been thoroughly convinced of the truth of "our gospel" in the main features of it. Of the loving reception in social circles and charming families, I can only speak in terms of tenderness and most grateful affection. The LORD bless them every one!

Comparisons are odious. I will not treat as rivals such glorious places as Highgate and Glasgow. I can only say, no city can exceed Glasgow. It will always be one of the very brightest spots in loving memory. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

## OBITUARY.

Morris Joseph Harris, Sr., died at his home in Crab Orchard, Nov. 6th, 1883. 'Tis sad to realize that his long and useful life is ended. Although his rapidly declining health for some months rendered the sad event which we deplore, probably, still hearts are deeply touched by its reality. He was born May 3rd, 1810 in Zaton, Poland, was raised in Posen, Prussia, came to America in 1849, and to Crab Orchard in 1842 where he continued to live until his death. He was married to Miss Martha Lindsey in 1848, who with five children still survive him. Having a good education in his native tongue, on coming to America he applied himself diligently, and soon acquired a fine knowledge of the English language. He enjoyed to a pre-eminent degree the confidence of his neighbors and friends. In temperament he was quick, ardent, magnanimous, sincere in his professions, honest in his convictions and uncompromising in principle. Duty was to him the sublimest object in life. In private life he was kind and generous, courteous and dignified in his bearing. The love for his family was an ever burning, never lessening flame. Well may his children call him blessed, for that master whose mercy is equal to his justice, and his love greater than either. May his family, without one missing link, meet him in that better land, on that "great day, for which all other days were made, for which earth sprang from chaos, man from earth, God from eternity."

E. B. H.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. [184-37]

H. C. KAUFFMAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals.

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Garrard Co. Lands  
FOR SALE.

I offer at private sale my farm of about 500 acres, in Garrard, about one mile below Camp Dick Harrison, with large cottage house of eight rooms, in number one repair, all necessary outbuildings, and the land fertile and in a fine state of cultivation, nearly all being in grass. On the place is a distillery of about 100 bushels capacity. The turnpike from Danville to Lexington runs through this farm, and the location is very convenient. Also 105 acres, a part of the B. M. Jones farm, on the same place, adjoining the above. The two places will be sold as a whole, or divided to suit purchasers. The purchaser will also have the option to retain the distillery, or to have it removed. Also a small farm adjoining the above-described property, with fair improvements, in the intersection of the Danville and Buena Vista turnpikes, containing about 45 acres. A small tract of 11 acres, adjoining lands of T. Dunn. Also a store house in the town of Bryansville, a warehouse near the depot in Lancaster, a burial lot in the Lancaster cemetery, &c. All the above property will be sold on very liberal terms. For further particulars call on or address  
W. H. ZERKLE,  
Bryansville, Ky.  
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MISS BELLE HUGHES.

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JOHN M. HALL,  
Executor.

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RINK

—Will be open—  
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